

Thos Barnes

*The gift of the Author
Thos Maude Esq*

WENSLEY-DALE;

O R,

RURAL CONTEMPLATIONS:

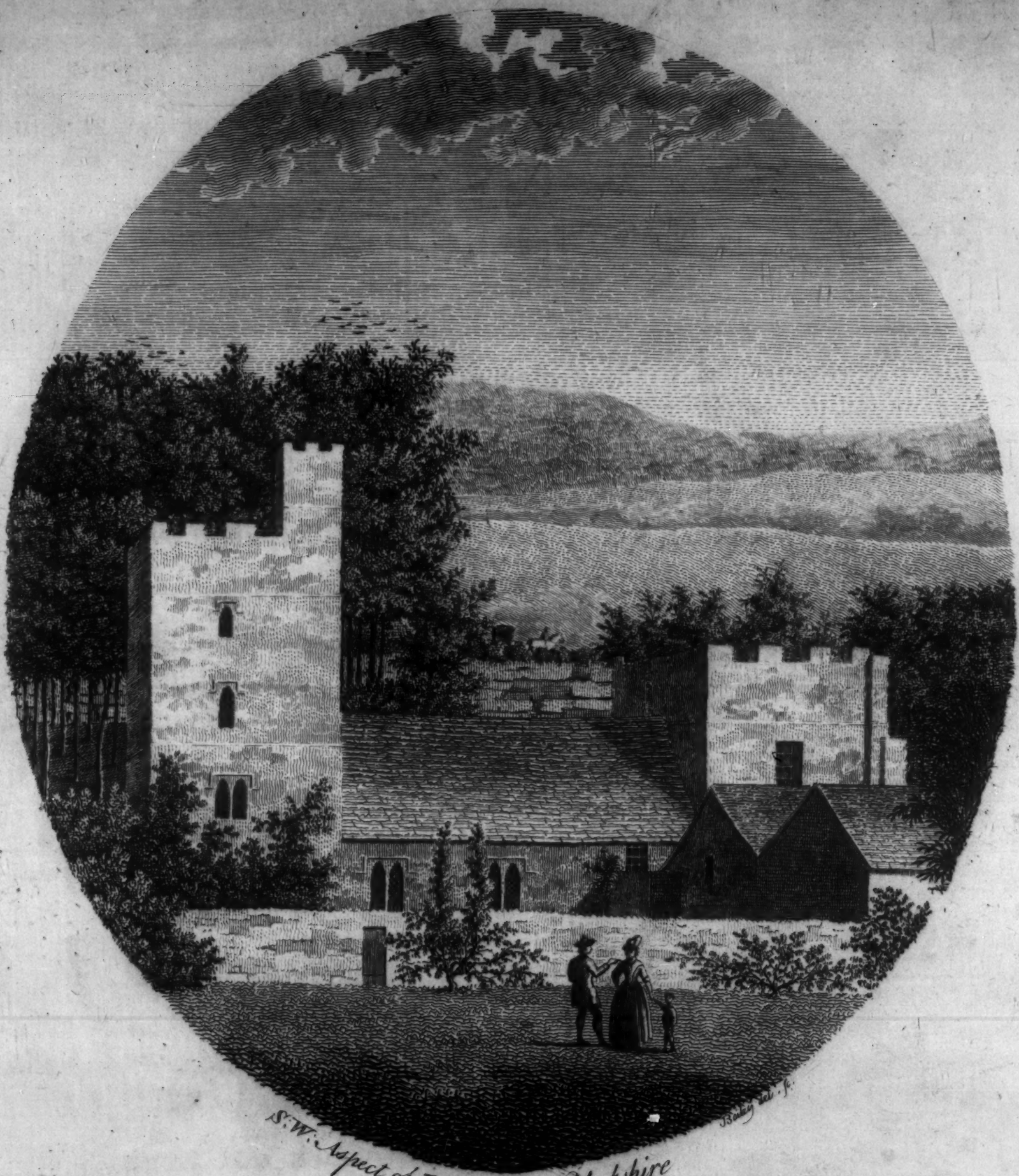
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P O E M.

W. H. S. L. E. Y. D. A. L. E.

RURAL CONTEMPORARIES.





S.W. Aspect of NAPPA - Yorkshire

Barley del. sc.

WENSLEY-DALE;

O R,

RURAL CONTEMPLATIONS:

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P O E M.

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way. GOLDSMITH.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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M.DCC.LXXX.

WENSLY-DALL

RURAL CO-OPERATION



T O
H E R G R A C E
THE DUCHESS OF BOLTON.

M A D A M,

I N offering your Grace the humble tribute of these pages, I do but render a right to which you stand entitled from many considerations.

Your own happy success in the art of delineation, your alliance with the most noble Owner of the ample Territories, whose unremitted friendship I have now had the honor to experience for forty years, are not the only motives to this address.

Surrounded as I am in the centre of the scenes described, I could not be a mute spectator, when the objects so irresistibly invited my attention.

B

To

To your Grace, who needs no interpreter of rural nature, I should have stood less excused, had not a Charity, which I wish to serve, and for whose emolument these attempts are now risked abroad, induced me to employ in this manner a few hours of leisure from my more essential engagements.

Your Grace's Candor, united with that of the public, will, I hope, advert more to the end than to the literary merits of this publication, since I am conscious that so trifling an insect, short as its natural duration would be, must prematurely fall, if the mercy of Criticism, and the fostering wing of Charity, do not protect it.

Stoical indeed must be the heart that glows not at the view of an institution so replete with present and consequential good, by which disabled Industry is restored, pining Poverty made joyful, Anguish assuaged, and even Life preserved. Humanity must therefore fervently wish, that the fund of this very important Charity, in one of the most considerable trading towns in the kingdom, may be always equal to its liberal plan, formed on the truly beneficent and extensive scale of relieving neighbour, sojourner, and the most distant stranger, without distinction.

Thrice

D E D I C A T I O N.

iii

Thrice happy then will be the author, if by throwing in his mite, it should tend to alleviate the greatest of all afflictions, the complicated calamities of indigence and sickness. A plan which cannot but coincide with the softest feelings of your sex, and be in particular congenial to your Grace's sentiments, extended to every species of distress.

I am,

M A D A M,

Your Grace's most obedient

And truly devoted Servant,

BOLTON-HALL,
MAY 20, 1780.

THOMAS MAUDE.

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U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

REPORT OF THE CHIEF OF BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY

FOR THE YEAR 1907

BY

JOHN H. COOPER, CHIEF

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

1908

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THE INTRODUCTION.

AS many allusions in the following piece are merely local, it may be necessary to premise, that the principal scene is a seat belonging to the Duke of BOLTON, in *Wensley-Dale*, ten miles from *Richmond*, and four from *Middleham*, in *Yorkshire*, where his Grace possesses property as considerable, as it is nobly ornamental to the country. For besides a range of ten almost united manors, including many populous villages, and a once splendid castle, whose venerable remains even now greatly enrich the pleasing landscape, his Lordship has a capital mansion, three miles distant from *Bolton-Castle*, whence the title is derived, and one mile from *Wensley*, from which village the *Dale* receives its name. A spot no less conspicuous for many bold, singular, and grotesque beauties of nature, than by the lineaments of a more polished aspect. The commodities of the valley for home and foreign consumption, which last is not inconsiderable, are fat cattle, horses, wool, butter, cheese, mittens, knit stockings, calamine, and lead.

The house was finished about the year 1678, by CHARLES, Marquis of WINCHESTER, afterwards created Duke of BOLTON, and son of JOHN the fifth Marquis, whose valour and loyalty, at an advanced age, were so remarkably displayed in the brave and long defence of his castle at *Basing* in *Hampshire* (now erased) during the civil war in the last century. A defence which has been celebrated by a variety of historians, for many peculiar circumstances attending it, relative both to the prowess of the besieged, in which

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the Marchioness was remarkably concerned, and the treasure seized by *Cromwell*, at the capture of the place.

His Grace died the 27th of *February*, 1698, aged 69, at *Amport*, near *Andover*, in *Hampshire*, and was interred at *Basing*, the burying-place of the family, leaving many noble proofs of liberality to his servants, and perpetuities to the poor.

In regard to the following composition, the reader will perceive that I have ingrafted upon the native stock of rural description some miscellaneous and exotic shoots, to vary that uniformity which must be the necessary result of pastoral writing. For however various and charming creation may be in her amazing productions, yet it must be confessed that in this walk of poetry, a few conceptions may cover or include a great extent of country. Pastoral poetry is a genus, where the respective species have been well defined from remote antiquity; an amusing field of flowers, but reaped by a long succession of the most judicious hands.

The leading objects of inanimate nature, such as woods, water, rocks, mountains, and plains, are found in part common to all countries; and few have features so peculiarly striking and dissimilar, as to mark them for any great length of description, without falling into a resemblance of thought with other writers, or running into distinctions without a difference. It is the arrangement and combination of the preceding images, with an intermixture of the humbler orders of vegetation, that constitute the whole of rural scenery; while the mode and manners of moving life may be called the business. Hence it will necessarily follow, that much of what may be said of *Windsor-Forest*, of *Arno's Banks*, or of *Wensley-Dale*, may be applied to many other places with equal success. From this consideration, in order to form a diversity, possibly arose that indulgence, we may say that literary warrant, in favour of digressions, not tedious or absurd, in poetry on rural subjects. And if the case be so in
respect

respect to a whole country, how much more cogent must the argument appear when restricted to the bounds of a province, a vale, or a farm? All that can be well expected in this matter, is, the avoiding of servile imitation, insipidity, or disgusting redundancy. The portrait of a flowery mead, however beautiful and elegant, must have its similitude elsewhere. The sports of the field, and the diversions of the village, carry with them also a like application. It will therefore, I trust, be some apology, if I have but drawn my piece sufficiently characteristical of the spot, without pretending to minute accuracy, close description, or absolute novelty.

In the display of rural felicity, the passions often contribute to mislead. If we bring the innocence, knowledge, or happiness of the peasantry to the measuring line of truth, we shall but too frequently find that they differ little from depravity, ignorance, and wretchedness; at least some qualities contrary to what the poets usually draw, too often mingle themselves in the pompously figured scene.

There was an age, say some of respectable fame, when princes were shepherds, and shepherds bards; when a personal attendance on their flocks did not debase the dignity of rank; and rural employments, almost the sole occupation of the world, unopposed by sciences or mechanic arts, flourished in undisturbed peace. But caprice, or fashion, has shifted the scene; and would you behold the shepherd and the patriarch nearest the original, you must revert to where the inroads of vice and luxury have made the least impressions. Such perhaps are the solitary and less refined regions of *Horeb*, or the plains of the *Tigris*, where the pastoral chief in his tent, or from his grassy throne under the shade of the palm-tree, gives audience to migrating hordes; where milk and honey, dates, rice, and other vegetable fare, constitute his daily food, springs his beverage, and unadorned drapery his garments; where placid leisure, cloudless skies, and the soliciting objects of his situation, stir up genius to sentiment and poesy, in the true character of ancient simplicity.

It

It is highly probable that man in the early state of the world, could not be silent amidst the surrounding charms of the creation. The view of nature, in the firmament, and on this globe, with the survey of his own frame, the melody of birds, and the adventures of the chase, would unavoidably operate to the production of strains beyond the standard of common ideas. And, agreeable to these sentiments, we have been told, above three thousand three hundred years ago, in all the rapture and sublimity of sacred eloquence, that "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of the Deity shouted for joy." Hence may be deduced the antiquity of this pleasing art, hence also may we infer its primogeniture, while modern travellers relate its prevalence, even to be traced among savages the most rude and retired.

But whether love, or war, devotion, the beauties of nature, or the pleasures of rural life, were the first incitements to poetry, is a question not so easy to resolve. Yet be the decisions of criticism upon these points as they may, it is perhaps less a doubt, that the happiness with which our poets have transfused the beauties of imagery and sentiment from the ancients into their own productions, with their native originality, render them equal to those of all other countries and preceding times. Let us add, that the almost perpetual verdure with which our island is clothed, the variety of its features, and the brilliancy of its fair, recommend it above all other places as a subject for the truly pastoral description.

The discriminating changes of the year, the attractive beauty of our sloping woodlands, our general attention to useful and ornamental culture, the equal tonsure of the fields, and the various evolutions of a mixed and pleased industry in hay-harvest, with the plenty of crowning autumn, raise our conceptions of the seasons to that acknowledged degree of pre-eminence, which few other countries attain. For so peculiarly happy is the insular situation of *Britain*, that the like temperature is not to be found in the same latitudes

itudes under different meridians: our suns, though often glowing, have duly their remitted heat; our colds, their attempered qualities; the clouds seasonably drop fatness, and our soil is in general grateful. Nor will it be denied, if experience is to determine, however appearances may at first plead, that *Britain* affords more hours for labor and exercise without doors to the healthy and robust, in the course of the year, than even the boasted climate of Italy, so much exposed to the extremes of heat and rain.

The fossil kingdom, though a curious branch of natural history, rarely comes within the poet's sphere. To describe or analyse the qualities of its materials, is a task which belongs rather to the gravity of philosophical research, than to the muse. Such a survey answers not her purpose, nor suits the fancy of her dress; neither does she stoop for the *irritamenta malorum*, as *Ovid* expresses it. Scarcely can either the gem or the ore attract her notice; for where are the miser and the poet unitedly found?

But though imagination dips not her pencil much in the colours of this department, yet true it is, that bodies pregnant with the most wonderful properties, and of the utmost utility, are furnished from the subterraneous world. Not to dwell upon iron, whose qualities are universally known, we shall only specify the magnet, the inscrutable agency of which in a manner supplies the absence of the starry host, informs the mariner, in the deepest darkness, whence the wind cometh, directing him to steer through trackless and turbulent seas, to his destined port. Hence our geographical and other discoveries, hence the glories of commerce, and the social intercourse of widely-scattered nations.

The simple consideration of vegetable nature, gratifies without alloy. We discipline the soil, cultivate the beauties and necessities of that kingdom to all our purposes, and are happy in the enjoyment of our labors, I had almost said in the works of our own

creation. The objects rise in glory, and set in gratitude; they delight the senses, they deceive not when duly attended to, and in some degree reward the nurturing hand of all who properly extend it.

To this class we owe much of our bodily defence, with various luxuries of attire, the staff of life, and the rarest elegancies of our board. In a single instance, let us behold the progress but of one plant, common in its growth, important in its application. The flax robes us in the whiteness of snow, it comfortably spreads our tables and our couch, keeps clean our bodies, affords us paper whereon to express our thoughts, and wings to waft them to the remotest quarters of the globe.

From still life we advance to the animal rank; we here launch into a world of superior wonder, and stand astonished at that wise œconomy which so evidently displays itself throughout the vast expanse. It would be superfluous to enumerate all the pleasures and accommodations with which we are here presented: we trace with rapture their instinctive policies, have exercise and sports to recreate our minds and preserve our health, raiment to warm, and food to nourish our bodies; means to facilitate agriculture, commerce, arts, and all the operations of life that require strength or dispatch. After all, it is perhaps the philosopher alone, in circumstances of independence, that can pretend to relish the scenes of retirement in the full fruition of their charms. It is he who physically inspects the universe, which the poet only paints; it is he who morally draws conclusions, “ finds tongues in trees, sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

“ On every thorn, delightful wisdom grows;

“ In every rill, some sweet instruction flows.”

The man oppressed with penury, the mind distracted by fear, by envy, by political or other fashionable pursuits, absorbed in ignorance or dissolved in sloth, perplexed with suits at law, or corroded
by

by misfortunes, has little chance to succeed in the calm speculations of rural life. The language he understands will not be that of nature around him, at least in any great degree of purity. Unwedded to resignation, unattuned to harmony and providence, he will but casually float on the surface of pleasure, and grasp at phantoms for the substance. Too, too frequently, I fear, will care, discontent, and insensibility, preclude happiness from the bosom of the husbandman. Nor is it likely that one, under the solicitude of answering days of rent, or who is in want of funds to supply incidental deficiencies, more especially should murrain invade his stock, or floods his crops, should insects infest, or storms destroy, with other the black contingencies of knavery, error, or fate, can boast the contentment usually ascribed to his situation. Thus controlled by elements, and oftentimes by man, not less fierce than they, the farmer's obstacles to happiness will be various and multiplied. His hopes will, under these circumstances, become not only agitated by the breath and caprice of others, but he will be made, as *Shakespeare* says on another occasion, "Servile to all the skiey influences." He will be apt to brood even on imaginary fears as necessity presses; and, wanting education to repel the enemy, or fill the languid pause of thought, will bring forth regret, sorrow, and despair.

But still it will be found that in description we have, agreeable to poetic licence, taken up with happiness in the humble cot, for numerous exceptions are not wanting to combat the doctrine we have before advanced: yet it is probable, that in these days of inquiry, and improved management of land, he whose abilities and spirit prompt him to attempt, and who has judgment to direct, and feelings to enjoy, bids fairest for the prize. However, it will be much if even the more abstracted sons of wisdom and competency, to whom we have previously alluded, do not complain that the poets deceive. Certain it is, that in the happiest state, exclusive of adverse incidents, the lot of all men, some melting compassion for a
tender

tender and kind favourite, sick, dead, or assigned to slaughter, will intrusively step in, to disturb tranquility, and embitter remembrance.

The horse or ewe, the patient ox, or the useful cow, these his favoured objects, whose obedience and fidelity he had long admired, which his care had reared, and his bounty fed; these his familiars of the field, when led to be sacrificed, cannot but make the owner share emotions opposite to felicity, which every intelligent reader will forcibly conceive. There will stand before him that price of affection, that bargain to the effusion of blood, which, to a man of sensibility, must give some sympathetic grief. But let us, in this case, imitate the prudent painter of old, by drawing a veil over part of the piece, that silent conjecture may supply the want.

Reality has required at our hands this picture, the brightest side of which we shall, in conformity to custom, exhibit nearest to the light; nor need we attempt to prove one obvious truth, that happiness will be found in proportion, as simplicity and innocence, under the influence of education, prevail.

But it is time to close the preface, lest we reveal too much, and sink the subject which we mean should entertain; remembering that rural enjoyment, in its perfection, is not perhaps to be sought in the palace, nor always in the cottage, but chiefly in that middle state of life which animates decency with taste, where judgment guides œconomy, where hereditary or acquired property, with beneficence, commands respect and esteem, but excludes avarice, vanity, pride, and every more turbulent passion.

WENSLEY-

WENSLEY-DALE:

O R,

RURAL CONTEMPLATIONS.

ARISE, my Muse, fair WENSLEY's vale display,
And tune with vocal reed the sylvan lay;
Thro' the gay scenes of lovely BOLTON rove,
Its peaceful plains, and each sequester'd grove;
Enjoy the solitude as gently glide
The lapsing moments of life's wafting tide.

Here, far remov'd from vanity and throng,
Each soft recess the genial fane of song,
We view past toil, exotic scenes run o'er,
And shelter'd hear the rocking tempests roar.
In waving shades poetic converse hold,
And the mild charms of Nature's page unfold;
While the lull'd mind, soft rising with the morn,
Nor knows, nor fears, ambition's chilling scorn;

E

Delays

Delays of office and postponing arts,
Or how the courtier's vow from truth departs;
Each sly evasion nurs'd in falsehood's arms,
Or how a quibble virtue's claim difarms;
Superior wrapt in contemplation's themes,
Grateful we walk, and meekly shun extremes;
Resting on truth, as moral POPE exprest
That maxim sure, "Whatever is, is best."

What tho' no pompous pile here rears its head,
No column proud with sculptur'd science spread,
The face serene with which old Time appears,
Boasts beauties growing with his growing years,
While Art contrasted, drops her feeble wings,
As lofty Nature, wildly awful, sings.

But see yon margin of rejoicing woods,
Which bending listen to the sprightly floods;
Should these, or milder views, thy fancy seize,
And pencil'd fields with mossy fountains please,
Stray where the plummy matron with her train,
Roves proudly devious on the liquid plain,
Sweetly below whose gay reflected fides,
The sportive dimpled stream meand'ring glides;
Reluctant yielding tends to distant shores,
And the dread wonders of the deep explores;
Now swells with commerce, BRITAIN's envied reign,
Now bears her bulwarks o'er the subject main.

Exhale

Exhale ye funs, ye winds your wings expand,
 And timely fertilize a favour'd land;
 In gentle rains and balmy dews return,
 The borrow'd treasures of the streaming urn;
 On thirsty herds, the fresh'ned wave bestow,
 And bounteous bid disperse plenty flow.
 So fails the merchant, Ophirs to pursue,
 And ling'ring bids domestic joys adieu;
 While plaintive eyes the less'ning hills bewail,
 And anxious sighs his heaving breast assail;
 Launch'd on the billows, now with adverse toil,
 He slowly gains the long-expected soil;
 From traffick's fount arise his views to roam,
 For decent wealth to grace his happy home,
 When gentle gales and pleasure's high command,
 Propitious waft him to his native strand.

Nor absent are smooth culture's pleasing vales,
 With groves adapted to fond lovers tales;
 Nor banks inviting, nor the rosy bow'r,
 Their blest retirement in the tender hour;
 While from the spreading beech the conscious dove,
 Invokes the happy pair to blameless love:
 The woods responsive melting music bear,
 And choral plaudits float along the air.

Ah! mark, ye blooming nymphs, alluring May,
 Nor let her charms your brighter charms betray.

So

So spoke the sage, well vers'd in female hearts,
 Vers'd how the quiver'd boy directs his darts :
 So Rome's wise augur, CÆSAR's life to spare,
 Bade the great chief of fatal March beware ;
 While he, regardless, arm'd with Stoic pride,
 Contemn'd the truth-prefaging tale, and dy'd.

Say now PHILANDER, to which path inclin'd,
 Since beauties croud upon the dubious mind ;
 The park umbrageous, wide-extended lawn,
 The climbing vista, and the toyful fawn ;
 Yon blossom'd copse, the hawthorn's pearly spray,
 Whence the sweet thrilling thrush awakes the day ;
 The grateful woodbine dangling in the breeze,
 Enamel'd meads and stately quiv'ring trees ;
 The bird * with human laugh, the cawing rook,
 The sprightly squirrel, and the babbling brook ;
 The vocal cuckoo, and the brilliant jay,
 Deck'd with the lustre of reflected day ;
 All, all combine to make the group complete,
 And give to POWLETT, nature's fairest seat.

But let us search the scene with nearer eyes,
 And range descriptive as new objects rise.

Full

* The woodpecker, no less distinguished by the chearful peculiarity of his tone, and beautiful plumage, than by the striking fitness of his organs for procuring food, so as to be the admired object of most naturalists who mention him.

Full then to fight from SPENITHORN * the gay,
 Alike the view from HARMBY's sloping way,
 With aspect open to the rising ray,

Stands

* In this village was born and baptised, the 24th of October, 1675, the great Hebraist John Hutchinson, well known in the literary world, and whose strenuous and particular way of thinking, relative to the principles of the Mosaic History, has attracted many disciples, and established him the founder of a sect. His life is written by Robert Spearman, Esq;

There is an anecdote in the life of this person, which though it may carry in it some appearance of levity to relate, we hope to stand excused in that point, for its singularity. This author being visited by Dr. Mead, that learned and humane Physician, in order to give his patient some flattering hopes of recovery, told him with a smile, that he would soon send him to his Moses, meaning that he would enable him to pursue the subject upon which Hutchinson was then writing. The sick man, tenacious of life, and imagining the Doctor meant the bosom of Moses, was so irritated at the expression, that he dismissed the Doctor, and never saw him afterwards.

According to this author's cabbalistical notions, the root of all languages, and of all science, was to be found in the Hebrew tongue and the sacred writings. Thus, agreeable to his doctrine, it would follow, that the world must be of a cubical form, because the scripture mentions the four corners of the earth. Neither are wanting those who believe that the resurrection will happen in the valley of Jehosaphat near Jerusalem, as it is deemed by the ignorant Turks to be the middle of the earth, and consequently most convenient for the final assembly; not considering that every exterior point of a sphere is central in respect to surface, nor recollecting that Omnipotence is not confined to relative distance or mensuration, about where the dead shall arise.

Hutchinson had a good heart and no incompetent head, but left the obvious road of interpretation, to seek bye paths, that he might be more ingeniously in the wrong. There was a shade in this person's character, from which, perhaps, in some degree, few authors are exempted. It seems to be implanted in human nature, for the wise purpose of not suffering our minds to stagnate and of exciting us to laudable pursuits. I mean the foible, vanity; but when it breaks forth in oral expression, it becomes less excusable. Such was the case before us, for when Hutchinson was passing by the humble house of his nativity, after an absence of years, and having acquired some fame, he pointed to the tenement, and bade his friend take notice of the place, as it might become the subject of much enquiry and veneration.

Sir Ralph Fitz Randal, Lord of the Manor of Middleham (Reg. Hen. 8) had a mansion, now in almost obliterated ruins, at the east end of *Spenithorn*, the small remains of which, except the vestige of a wreck contiguous to the high road, are converted into a farm house.

Stands high-plac'd MIDD'LHAM, mark'd with martial scars,
 The fatal record of intestine wars;
 A NEVIL's pile†, where CROMWELL's rage we trace,
 In wounded grandeur, and expiring grace;
 Where Devastation holds her gloomy court,
 And boding birds on restless wing resort;
 While Cynthia pale glides o'er the dreary bound,
 And Fancy rears ideal terrors round,
 Sheds on the dusky mind portending forms,
 Of palsied walls and wrecks of sweeping storms;
 Of roving elves, with demons of dismay,
 Nurs'd by the twilight of the mental day.
 Yet gainful is the scene, if right we state
 Its past aspiring aims and present fate:
 Hence are we taught to curb life's vain career,
 When curst Ambition taints the list'ning ear;
 Hence learn the golden mean, Contentment's plan,
 Which constitutes the solid bliss of man;
 A spring whence lucid streams unceasing flow,
 In climes solstitial and SIBERIA's snow;
 Grant me in purity and peace to live:
 Swell not, my soul! 'tis all the world can give.

† The castle of Middleham, now in ruins, was built by Robert Fitz Randal, the third Lord of Middleham, and grandson of Ribald, younger brother of Alan Rufus Earl of Brittany and Richmond.

—It descended to the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, Salisbury, and Warwick. A family famous for their power, for the variety of their fortune, and the singularity of their fate. One of them was slain in battle, another beheaded, and a third suffered mutilation, by the man whom he had injured, of which his lordship died.

To prospects less sedate we bend our way,
 And, in apt numbers, fitly would display
 The terrac'd heights expanded to the sun,
 Or velvet turf where panting coursers run;
 There bred and train'd, exulting in the chace,
 They win the splendid trophies of the race.
 Full to the point where first the meek-ey'd morn,
 Dispensing joy, on crimson wings is borne,
 Far, far extend your view, o'er Mowbray's plain,
 Till distance curtains the remote domain;
 Distinctly, near, each pressing image yields
 The fair idea of Thessalian fields.

Nor here shall Exercise remain unsung,
 Thou nurse of strength, kind patron of the young,
 Health's polar star, by which we steady steer,
 Thro' all the changes of the varying year.
 No more the hov'ring hand, by THEE restor'd,
 Shall coyly cull its pittance from the board;
 By THEE attun'd, by thy attractions led,
 No poppy's balm needs sooth the sleepless bed;
 No pen prescriptive, fraught with LATIAN lore,
 Or skill imported from the Coan shore,
 Need plan the process with important air,
 With fruitless pity, or with dubious care;
 The drug disgusting shall the mansion fly,
 And THOU and Temperance the dose supply.

But

But each wise rule, the bliss of health to reach,
In sterling strains let musing ARMSTRONG teach.

Exalted LEYBURN next, with open arms,
Due north, our moving observation charms;
Where, from its rocky verge and sylvan side,
Most aptly rang'd in gay theatric pride,
We view a lower world, where beauties spring,
Tempting and fair as classic poets sing;
Woods, streams, and flocks the vale's sweet bosom grace,
And happy Culture smooths her chearful face.

Why need we want the shining spheres to know,
How music charms, why spreads the heav'nly bow,
While GARGRAVE'S * piercing lore descries from far,
Along the milky way, the tube-sought star;
Whose skill can teach, whose candor will explain,
Each distant wonder of URANIA'S reign.

Westward we move, till chaos-like appears,
The quarry's fragment, of a thousand years.
Led by the bracing breezes of the plain,
High PRESTON'S tissu'd green we soon attain,
Delighted ramble on the daisied mead,
That springs elastic with the bounding steed.

But

* A gentleman residing at Leyburn, whose abilities in the mathematics, astronomy, and their dependencies, are well known, far beyond the limits of this vale.

But cease my steps, free feast the roving eye †;
 Here villas rise, there martial ruins lie:
 No wish'd-for something fitly to intrude,
 No want of frolic nature, pleasing, rude,
 No bloomy softness fondly to allure,
 Drawn from the smiling banks of easy EURE,
 Nor temples pious, objects nobly bold,
 Need we deplore; the aggregate behold!

Now from her squatted bed, inclos'd or bare,
 With dext'rous evolutions starts the hare:
 Where the stretch'd grey-hound in the curving course,
 Vies with the wind's accelerated force;

† Highly agreeable as the prospect is from the terrace of Leyburn shawl or wood, it undoubtedly yields to the view from Preston-scar, at a station from a point projecting over the village, near to the turnpike-road at Scarthnick.

The advantage of this view, besides its greater variety of objects, is likewise that of its being most commodiously accessible to all kinds of carriages. The spectator has thence a full sight of the Valley, of the castles of Middleham and Bolton, a glimpse of the cataract of Aysgarth, no less than eight villages and seven churches, most of which are ornamented with very handsome steeples.

But indeed there is not an eminence which contributes to inclose the Vale, but what can boast of the beauties of its situation, and with this superiority too, above all other places I remember, that tho' equally fine with the Downs of Wilts or Dorset for pasture and exercise in wet or dry weather, being upon a lime-stone, the country is highly diversified with those majestic irregularities of nature which never satiate. Add to this, that those happy circumstances of pleasure and health, run parallel on the north and south side of the Valley for many miles, attended with the richest pastures, copious streams, and good roads.

Though Derbyshire is reputed to be the leading County for remarkable and romantic prospects, they seem to be more meagre, are less compounded of the great and little, the cultivated and ruder parts of nature, with the intermixture of ruins, than what fall to the lot of this district.

Exerts each nerve in emulation's cause,
While judgement falters to decide applause.

Opposing motives urge the fierce career,
Hope him impels, the rapid flies with fear;
While fear and hope one mingled scene supply,
The victor and the vanquish'd breathless lie.
So strain the youths, proud of gymnastic fame;
So strove the heroes of th' Olympic game;
So speed the polish'd coursers of the plain;
So drives the storm impetuous o'er the main.

Come, crescent-nymph, full fraught with sylvan lore,
Nor blush to school thyself on ALBION's shore.
Hark! how the cheering, loud, emphatic horn,
Convenes the clam'rous pack to scent the morn;
The tainted tufts the rising peal provoke,
Till the mix'd clangor agitates the oak;
The base-ton'd man, and shrill obstrep'rous boy,
Exulting fill the wide-spread notes of joy;
The chearful notes far-echoing rocks rebound,
And nerves accordant own the magic sound;
Scarce less in pow'r the music of our chace,
Than the fam'd strains of softly-tutor'd THRACE.

Long time the folds Volpone with blood had stain'd,
Long had the village of his spoils complain'd,

Long

Long deep dismay had travers'd o'er the plain,
Where deeds atrocious spoke the despot's reign.
Scar'd by the tumult of promiscuous cries,
Sly from the brake the furtive prowler flies;
An awful band with vengeful pomp pursues,
And the bold times of NIMROD's sway renews;
The distant rear a jovial van succeeds,
While the wide welkin rings, the victim bleeds.
No more his wiles shall innocence betray,
Nor mangled fragments mark the caitiff's way:
Rejoice ye flocks, applaud each glad'ning wing,
Peace, Io Pæan! Io Pæan! sing.
Say tyrants, say, by guilty passions hurl'd,
Who roll your thunders o'er a trembling world,
Shall pow'r rapacious hope a better fate?
So far'd, so justly fell, ROME's mighty state!

But leave to SOMERVILLE the wreathed bays,
Nor dare, my Muse, thy feeble voice to raise;
Low at his shrine Parnassian flow'rets strew,
Nor vainly strive his footsteps to pursue.
Unrival'd, he in classic chace to roam,
Brings ev'ry rural pleasure winged home;
Where thought with thought contends in social strife,
Each word a scion shooting into life.
Wide and more wide his lofty muse expands,
And every trophy of the Nine commands;

For

For thy lov'd verse accept, immortal shade!
This artless tribute to thy merit paid.

Alert, thou sportive now the *grouse* pursue,
Of mingled brown, and variegated hue;
With urging instinct silently beset
The latent captives of the wavy net;
Or, quick as lightning, with explosive force,
Deadly arrest their sounding airy course;
The fragrant breath of flow'ry heath inhale,
That gently floats upon the fanning gale.
Thy labors partly sped, refreshment near,
Then lend to noontide calls a willing ear.
Shou'd frowning skies portend a coming storm,
By some clear spring thy tented station form;
And yet for shade, Sol's beaming ray intense,
We deem it prudent, * timely thus to fence;
With mirth relax, nor from the vine refrain,
That gives the pallid lymph a blushing stain.

* To many who live in the southern districts of this kingdom, it may be necessary to explain, that the shooting of moor-game or *grouse*, is a diversion little known to the counties southward of Yorkshire and Derbyshire. It is an exercise much more laborious than the pursuit of partridge, of which season, it has also the start of about five weeks. As the scene of action is chiefly upon wild heaths, it is not unusual for parties to encamp in the day-time to take refreshment, and secure themselves from bad weather, to which the above description alludes. The bird is larger than a Partridge, which in shape it somewhat resembles; is of a fine glossy variegated brown, with eyes encircled by a very bright scarlet-coloured membrane, and feathered legs and feet.

The food of this bird consists of bilberries, (the fruit of the *vaccinium* of the botanists), with the tops and flowers of the ling or heath. Its flesh is reputed to have the highest flavor of any British bird.

Proceed,

Proceed, ye sons of sport, on this safe plan,
Reject the foodful pastime if you can.
If nerv'd thy limbs, and flushing health thy boon,
Sprightly as morn, and glowing as the noon,
Assert your strength, enjoy the western ray,
While loaded breezes round the pointers play.
At eve review whatever labors please,
And prove the luxury of toil and ease,
Till Sleep, kind genial pow'r, demands his turn,
And, vig'rous, strings thee for returning morn.

Lo! where the glist'ning store*, disclos'd to day,
By chemic art, assume more potent sway.
Now in extended sheets, secure the pile,
Now lend the faded face, delusion's smile;
Now vaunting, mimic the carnation's bloom,
The canvass swell, or gayly robe the room.
Ah! were but these the uses of the ore,
Death less had triumph'd on the Stygian shore:
The crimson'd field, the horror-dashing deep,
Had not so frequent made affliction weep.

* The moor or wastes are here replete with lead, and so bountiful is nature to this district, that after having fringed the more fertile part of the Valley with open and commodious pastures for exercise and the chace, the back ground of the country becomes no less valuable for its minerals, besides affording plenty of peat, lime-stone and coals, for the accommodation and employment of its inhabitants.

Here is also a beautiful spar which conduces not only to the more ready smelting of ore, but is applied to the forming of garden-walks. It is much esteemed not only for its lustre and binding quality, but being inimical to weeds.

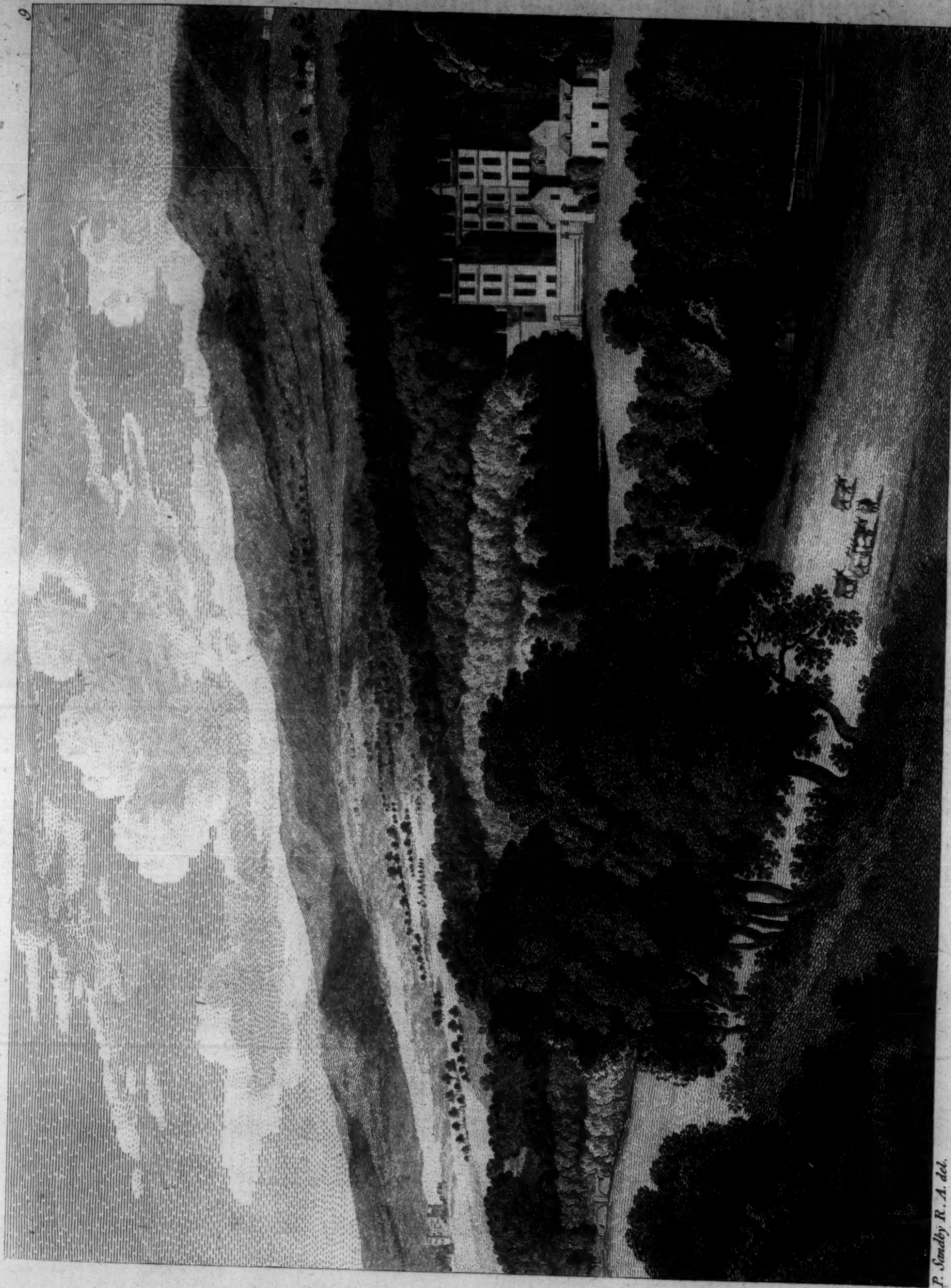
H

Say,

Say, BOLTON, say, lord of each sparkling mine,
For wealth upon diffusive hills is thine,
Whose mazy vales, their duty to express,
Bright tributes pour, array'd in gayest drefs;
Where sky-bound circles measure thy domain,
And Alpine heights connect the glorious chain:
Say, can this world, for thee so richly clad,
Extended wide, another blessing add?
Added it hath—the choicest prize in life,
The crown of every bliss, a tender wife,
As morning fair, as downy zephir mild,
In form a JUNO, purity a child;
Whose flowing pen the laurel'd Muses hail,
While every grace adorns the tuneful tale.

Southward we move, where spreading groves declare
The goodly mansion of the noble pair;
Not modern trimm'd, yet stranger to decay,
A pleasing habitation we survey.
No tortur'd objects gothically bent,
No fritter'd scenes, disgustful, here present;
No lark can hail a more enchanting dawn,
No curving swallow skim a brighter lawn;
Streams, woods and hills, their vying charms impart,
And, fresh from nature, nobly beggar art.
Surrounded thus, well may the poet say,
Absent from thee, my vale, “I've lost a day.”

Now



P. Sandby R. A. del.

*BOLTON, N. Riding of Yorkshire the Seat of His Grace the
DUKE of BOLTON.*

Published, as the Act directs, June 1, 1775, by G. Kearsley, N^o 46 in Fleet Street.

M. A. Rooker sculp.



Now let our steps the verdant tracts pursue,
And catch the passing objects full in view;
Yon mystic windings of the hill pervade,
The ample circus, or the open glade;
Or devious faunter where the shady way
Secludes the storm, and Phœbus' piercing ray;
Collect instruction from the throngs we see
Thro' life sagacious, in each plant and tree;
With eye attentive rapturously trace,
The various orders of the puny race,
Whether they woo the cover or the gleam,
Or nimbly navigate the swarming stream;
Whether along the lap of earth they stray,
Or on light pinions steer their airy way;
Mark how the sap in slender tube ascends;
Where sense begins, and vegetation ends;
How nature works consistent in her plan,
From simple atoms up to complex man.

Behold that arch, the glory of the sky,
Its vivid tints, inimitable dye;
See fluid gems with gayest lustre proud,
The floating remnants of a weeping cloud.
Say, who explain'd the nice-refracted ray,
And brought forth darkness to the test of day;
Who with sagacious ken best understood,
The stated motions of the whelming flood;

Or

Or how attraction so unerring steers,
 Thro' the vast void, variety of spheres?
 NEWTON *! the lofty wonder of his age,
 Learning's great boast, and EUROPE's leading sage.

Deceit

* As the smallest anecdote concerning so great an ornament to human nature, becomes amusing, especially in a character so uniformly studious as his, I shall briefly relate what may not be so generally known, and therefore give the curious traveller an opportunity of bestowing one transient glance upon the humble tenement where this illustrious man first saw that light which he so well defined, or the elegant situation where he resigned his breath.

The first is a farm-house at the little village of Woolsthorpe, consisting of a few messuages in the same stile of humility, about half a mile west from Colterworth, on the great north road between Stamford and Grantham, known to every peasant in the neighbourhood.

He died at lodgings in that agreeable part of Kensington, called Pitt's Buildings. His academic time was spent in Trinity College, Cambridge, where his apartments continue to be mentioned occasionally, on the spot, to strangers, with a degree of laudable exultation.

His principal town-house was in St. Martin's-Street, the corner of Long's-Court, Leicester-Fields, where is yet standing a small observatory which Sir Isaac built upon the roof.

His temper was so mild and equal that scarce any accidents disturbed it. One instance in particular, which is authenticated by a now-living witness, brings this assertion to a proof: That Sir Isaac being called out of his study to a contiguous room, a little dog, called Diamond, the constant but incurious attendant of his master's researches, happened to be left among the papers, and, by a fatality not to be retrieved, as it was in the latter part of Sir Isaac's days, threw down a lighted candle, which consumed the almost-finished labors of some years. Sir Isaac returning too late, but to behold the dreadful wreck, rebuked the author of it with an exclamation, (*ad sydera palmas*) "Oh Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief done!" without adding a single stripe.

The obscurity in which Sir Isaac Newton's pedigree is involved, who only died A. C. 1726, makes it less a wonder that we should be so little acquainted with the origin of the great characters of antiquity, or those of later ages.

The author of *Biographia Philosophica*, has made Sir Isaac Newton's father the eldest son of a baronet, and farther speaks of the knight's patrimonial opulence; the contrary of which assertions, the testimony of his parish will sufficiently confirm, did not the account alone confute itself; for by consequence Sir Isaac would have had a hereditary title, which evidently was
 not

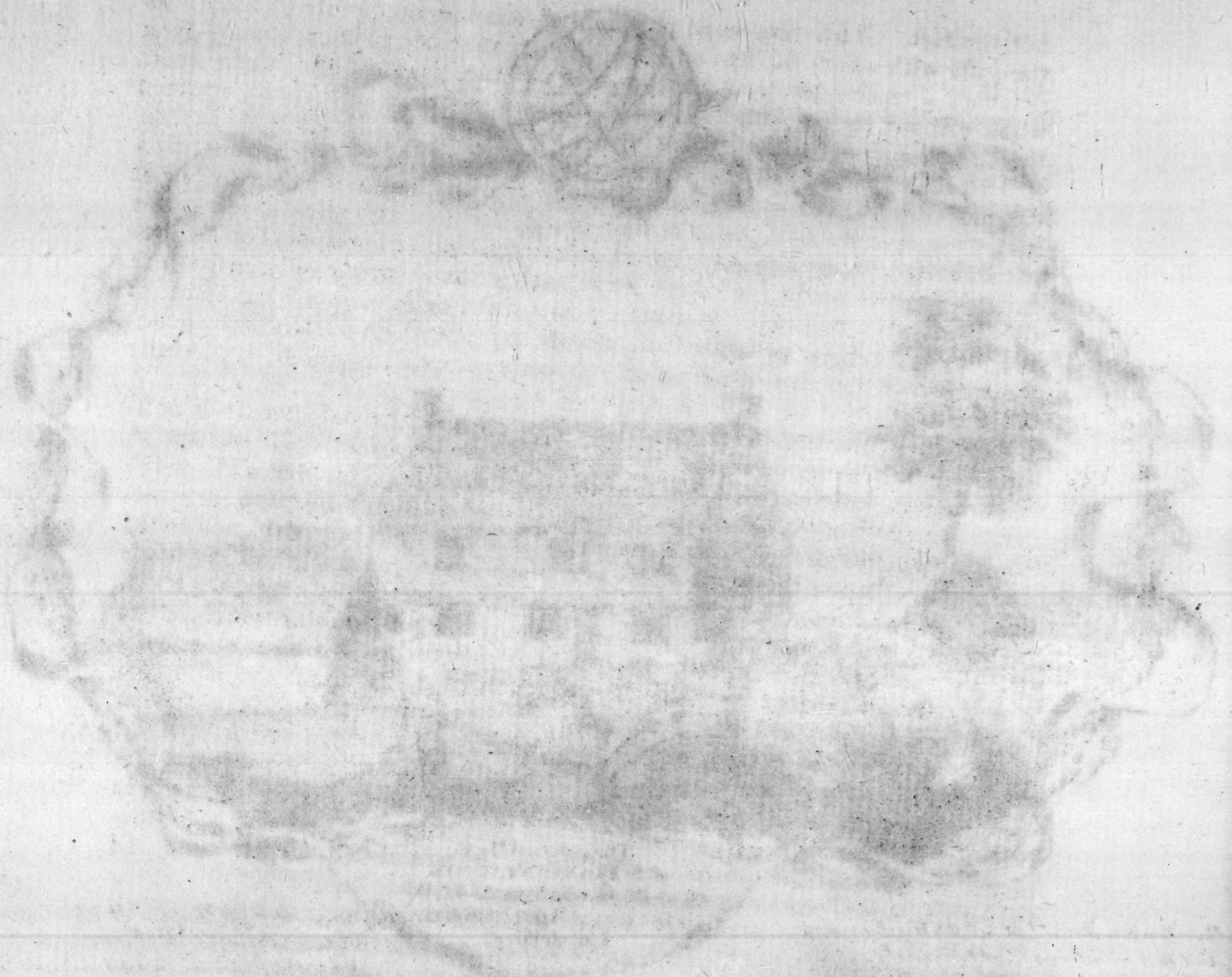


The paternal House
of S^r ISAAC NEWTON
in which He was born the 25th Day
of Dec. 1642 at WOOLSTHORPE
Lincolnshire.

*Here Newton dawn'd, here lofty Wisdom woke,
And to a wond'ring World divinely Spoke.
If Tully glow'd when Phœdrus' Steps he trod:
Or Fancy form'd Philosophy a God!*

T. Tinkler del. 1772

*If Sages still, for Homer's Birth contend:
The Sons of Science at this Dome must bend.
All hail the Shrine! all hail the natal Day!
Cam boasts his Noon, this Cot his morning Ray.*



Deceit he knew not; bred in Nature's school,
He fathom'd depths with Nature's line and rule;

The

not the fact. This renowned philosopher was indebted more to nature for the gifts with which she had endowed him, than to the accidents of any great descent; a circumstance, which adds, if possible, greater lustre to the man, who, without the advantages of eminent birth, alliance, or fortune, attained the highest pinnacle of scientific fame.

The little I have been able to collect of the family of this great man, by a diligent enquiry both in and about his native parish, and among the very few of his surviving distant relations of half-blood, for none else remain, serves but to confute the many palpable errors committed by his biographers on this occasion; most of whom, in copying each other, have erroneously made him descend from a baronet. It may be now time therefore, when the traces of truth on that subject are nearly lost, briefly to preserve some traits of his genealogy, which the inquisitive reader may depend upon to have been carefully collected.

Mr. John Newton, the father of Sir Isaac, had a paternal estate in Woolfthorpe and the neighbourhood, of about fifty pounds a year. He was a wild, extravagant, and weak man, but married a woman of good fortune. His wife's name was Ayscough, whose father lived in Woolfthorpe likewise, and was lord of that manor. The said manor, with some other property, descended to Sir Isaac, upon the death of his grandfather, Ayscough. Sir Isaac made some trifling purchases himself; and his whole estate in that neighbourhood, amounted at the time of his death to about 105l. per annum, which fell to the share of his second cousin, John Newton; who being dissolute and illiterate, soon dissipated his estate in extravagance, dying about the 30th year of his age in 1737, at Coltersworth, by a tobacco-pipe breaking in his throat, in the act of smoking, from a fall in the street, occasioned by ebriety.

The father of the above John, was also John Newton, a carpenter, afterwards game-keeper to Sir Isaac, and died at the age of sixty, in 1725. In the Rolls or Records, that are sometimes read at the Court-Leets in Grantham, mention is made of an Ayscough, who is styled Gentleman, and Guardian and Trustee to Isaac Newton under age.

It is very certain that Sir Isaac was a posthumous issue, and had no full brothers or sisters; but his mother by her second marriage with Mr. Smith, the Rector of North-Witham, a parish adjoining Coltersworth, had a son and two or three daughters—which issue female afterwards branching by marriages with persons of the names of Barton and Conduit, families of property and respectable character, partook, with the Smiths, of Sir Isaac's personal effects, which were very considerable.

Sir Isaac, when a boy, was sometimes employed in menial offices, even to an attendance on the servant to open gates in carrying corn to Grantham-market,

The key of science, Truth to NEWTON lent,
And bade him nobly range her whole extent:

The

market, and watching the sheep; in which last occupation, tradition says, that a gentleman found him, near Woolsthorpe, looking into a book of the mathematical kind, and asking some questions, perceived such dawnings of genius, as induced him to solicit the mother to give her son an university education, promising to assist in the youth's maintenance at college if there was occasion. But whether that necessity took place, is a point I have not been able to determine.

He lived a bachelor, and died in his 85th year, having, as a relation informed me, who quoted the authority of Sir Isaac's own confession, never violated the laws of chastity.

The house at Woolsthorpe has seemingly undergone little or no exterior alteration, since the time it inclosed this great man, and continues to be visited by the curious, who occasionally pass the Northern Road.

There is extant a letter from Sir Isaac, dated from Jermyn Street, where he also lived, which I have read. It is now in the possession of an inhabitant at Colterworth, and descends by heirship, though the subject is only upon common parish-business; a circumstance which shews, how much the humble owner, unconnected with the family or the science of our philosopher, venerates his character, even, as I have been informed, to his having resisted gold for the purchase of so apparent a trifle.

A relation of the Knight, the late Rev. Mr. Smith of Linton, in Craven, Yorkshire, left a small ivory bust of admirable workmanship, executed by that celebrated artist, Marchand, which from its elegance, similitude and placid expression, is truly valuable. It is said to have cost Sir Isaac one hundred guineas, and is specified in an authentic inventory of his effects, taken by virtue of a commission of appraisement in April 1727, now in my possession. It appears that his personal estate amounted to 31821*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.* which was distributed among eight relations, *Sir Isaac dying intestate*. He had also an acquired farm or estate at Baydon, Wilts, but of no great annual value. It likewise appears, as a proof of his benevolence, that he was not an oppressive landlord, since at his death, there was owing him by one tenant 60*l.* for three years rent, and by another, for two years and a half, a smaller sum. It may not be impertinent to mention our philosopher's wardrobe and cellar, which in the valuation, stand thus.—Item, wearing apparel, woollen and linen, one silver hilted sword and two canes, 8*l.* 3*s.* Item, in the wine vault, a parcel of wine and cyder in bottles, 14*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* The furniture and luxuries of his house bearing nearly the like proportion, his library excepted, which consisted of 2000 volumes and 100 weight of pamphlets.

Since

The delegated trust she warm approv'd,
When Heaven resum'd the soul it form'd and lov'd.

Of REDMIRE's mining town how shall we sing?
The circling verdure and its healing spring
Are all the rooted peasant's native tale,
Who ne'er transgress'd the barrier of his vale.
His vulgar thoughts to narrow views confin'd,
Nor genius charms, nor arts expand his mind;
Simply he thinks the cloud-invested mounds,
Contain the compass of the world's vast bounds:
Yet to the peasant's rude unpolish'd hand,
Owe we the fairest structures of the land:
On his strong base is built the Doric dome,
From him arise the textures of the loom;
As heavy weights the finer springs impel,
So, with toil's efforts, nobler minds excel.

Thron'd in athletic state, superbly stands
The graceful castle 'midst luxuriant lands;

Historic

Since the publication of my notes in the first edition of this piece, the curiosity of the public has been excited to enquire more particularly for anecdotes relative to this exalted person. Besides the remarks made on this subject in our biographical books, and otherwise dispersed among his eulogists, the reader is referred to the *Gent. Mag.* for the month of November 1772, for a genealogical table of the family, and other matter, collected by a good hand from the papers of the late curious Dr. Stukeley, whose great partiality for our author, initiated him early into the service of being Sir Isaac's memorialist. Some particulars are also given in the annual register for the year 1772, under the signature of J. H. where a small circumstance advanced by myself, is rather doubted; but, *amicus Plato*, &c. A reference to the above-mentioned periodical works, might contribute to enrich the future biography of this great man. The reader will excuse this digression and also our attempt to commemorate the modest dwelling of Newton, which the philosophic eye may prefer to the proud palace of Versailles.

Historic BOLTON*, thro' past ages fam'd,
 Now by the line of ducal POWLETTS claim'd,
 Where erst the wealthy SCROPES in state sojourn'd,
 And Scotland's Queen in tragic durance mourn'd.

Here pause my muse, nor stop the rising sigh,
 Nor yet the forming tear from Sorrow's eye;
 Farewel! Mirth's rosy train, inspiring bowl,
 The festive welcome, and dilated soul:
 'Tis here reflection plumes her moral lay,
 And sets contrasting shades in just array.
 Ah, chang'd indeed! ah; how revers'd! condole,
 Ye mocking echoes, and the wild wind's howl.
 What can Ambition's swelling domes avail,
 When Time's corroding fangs their walls assail!
 Hence let this scene, this mournful scene, impart
 One useful lesson to the virtuous heart,

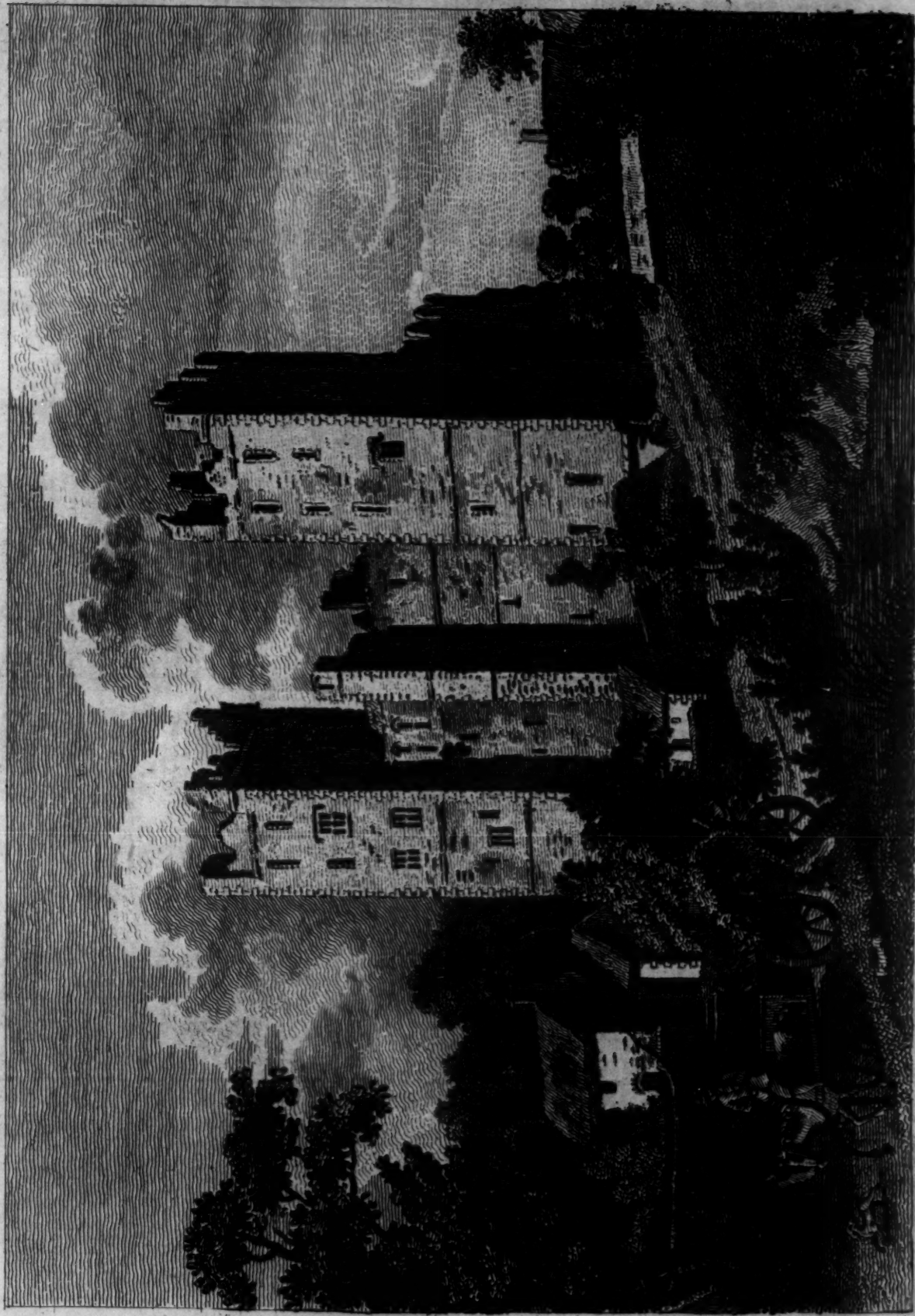
How

* Bolton castle; where Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned in 1568. It was built remarkably strong and high; the west part of which is now inhabited by two principal tenants, and in good repair. The form is quadrangular. The east and north sides are now mostly in ruins, which make a fine object of termination from the avenues in the woods, nor less a commanding subject for the descriptive arts. The patent for its erection, now under my eye, agreeable to the brevity of law instruments in early times, is included in one hundred and twenty-seven words, and granted to Richard le Scrop chancellor, bearing date the 4th of July in the third year of Richard the first, A. C. 1191.

Leland, says, that it was eighteen years in building, and that the charge was annually 1000 marks, (in all 12000l.). The Castle was taken by Oliver Cromwell, being defended by a detachment of the Richmondshire militia.

Emanuel, Lord Scroope, Earl of Sunderland, who died without male issue, was the last of this ancient family that inhabited the castle. This Nobleman was president of the commission held at York, in the time of Charles the 1st. and is mentioned by Howell, who was secretary to his Lordship.

It



Jan 1773

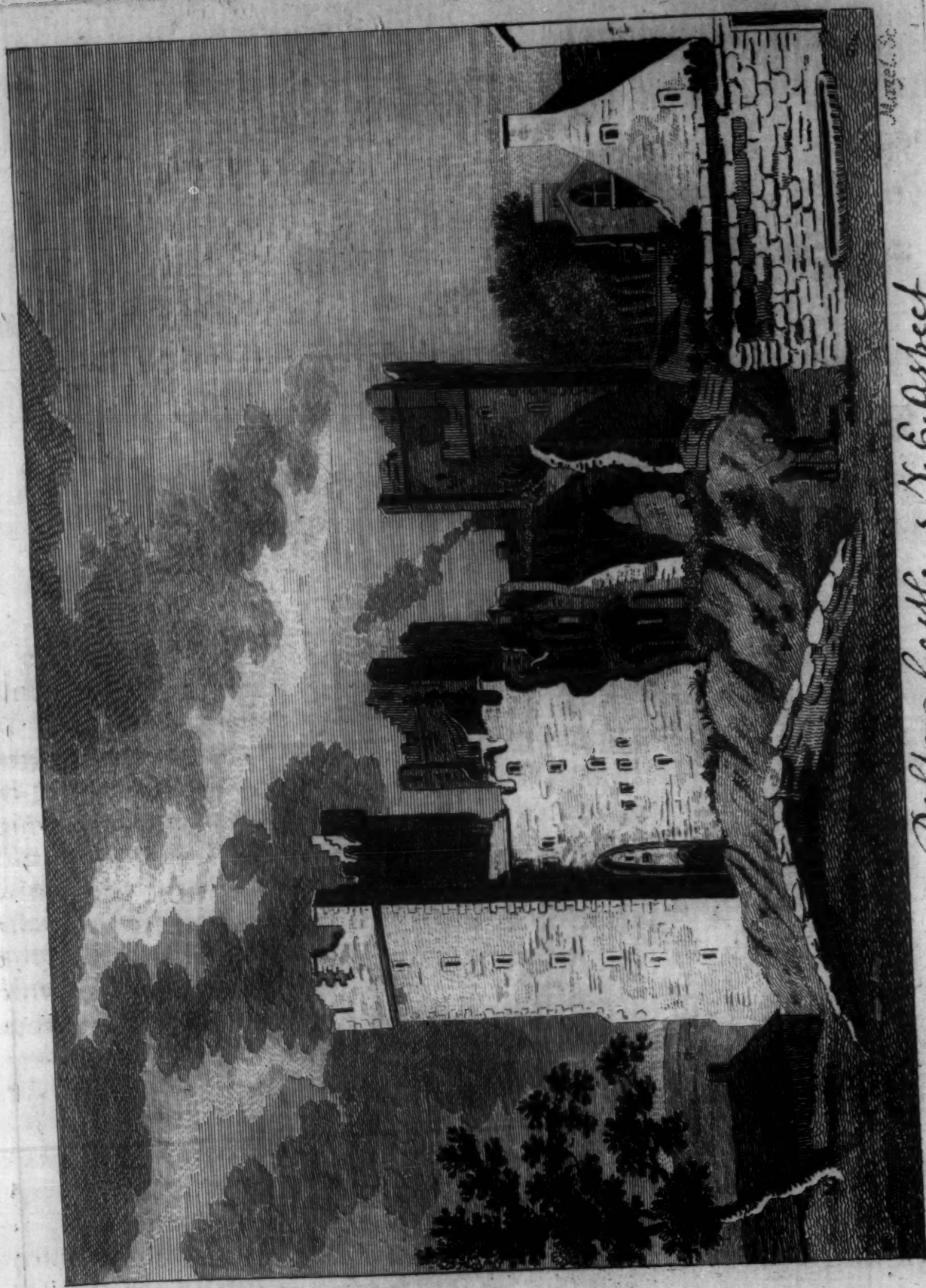
Bolton Castle Pl. 1

S. Aspect

Sparrow







Bolton Castle N.E. Aspect

May 10. 1774

How human ken to destiny is blind,
And that man's works "leave not a wreck behind."

Enough of woe then turn we to behold
Creation's ampler works, aspiring, bold.
See beacon'd PENHILL, view it stately rise,
Whose scaling altitude invades the skies;
Go, climb its brow, its airy tracks explore,
Where breezes wanton from the western shore;
Fondly survey fair CLEVELAND's distant strand,
And golden DURHAM's terminating land.
The eye descending now o'er PENHILL's base,
We decent WITTON's pleasing prospects trace.

It appears that Mary Queen of Scotland was removed from Carlisle to this place. That her stay here was under two years, and that she was suitably guarded by Sir Francis Knolles and others, under the farther inspection of Lord Scrope. Her confinement was not close, being permitted to ride occasionally; and tradition reports, that she once attempted her escape through a wood in the neighbourhood, at Leyburn, by a road which retains the name of the Queen's Gap. The apartment shewn at the castle as her bed chamber must impress every beholder with pity for the pensive situation of the royal prisoner, which imagination exaggerates, in associating with it the idea of her personal charms. It was here that the Duke of Norfolk (allied to the Scopes) first made his fatal overtures, which raising suspicion, may have contributed to her removal hence to Tutbury in Staffordshire.

Bishop Gibson, by a mistake easily committed, has made, in his Camden, the village of Bolton the birth place of Henry Jenkins; whereas it is at Ellerton, near Bolton, on the Swale, at least 16 miles distant. Accounts of this remarkable veteran have been frequently published with his epitaph, written by Dr. Chapman, master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, beginning "Blush not marble." The monument within the church of Bolton, and the pillar without, were erected by subscription in the neighbourhood.

K

Here

Here fleecy troops adorn the sloping green,
 There grouping herds diversify the scene;
 Now waves voluptuously the pregnant blade,
 With BOLTON's swelling woods of deeper shade;
 While the gay buck, as of his honors vain,
 Asserts the empire of his native plain;
 In rank supreme among the brutal race,
 When smokes his haunch, or he inspires the chase.
 Last in the view, wild surgy mountains lie,
 That blend their distant summits with the sky.

But now, O AYSGARTH *! let my rugged verse,
 The wonders of thy cataracts rehearse.

Long

* The romantic situation of the handsome church of Aysgarth, on an eminence, solitarily overlooking these cataracts of the Eure, wonderfully heightens the picturesque idea of this unusual scene; nor is there any place, that I know, more happily adapted to inspire the soothing sentiments of elegy, than this. The decency of the structure within and without, its perfect retirement, the rural church-yard, the dying sounds of water, amidst wood and rocks, wildly intermixed, at a distance, with the variety and magnitude of the surrounding hills, concur greatly to encrease the awfulness of the whole. But some late admirable productions, in the Elegiac strain, impose an utter silence on me, did the nature of my subject admit of any such an attempt.

In approaching the falls that are above bridge from the road on the north side, on which it always ought to be visited, you have the singular advantage of seeing them through a spacious light arch, which, from the obliquity of the highway, presents the river, at every step you advance, in many pleasing attitudes, till you mount the crown of the bridge, and take the whole in one beautiful grotesque view.

We may add to this elegant circumstance another incident in character, that the concave of the bridge is embellished by hanging petrifications, and its airy battlement happily festooned with ivy; near, on the right hand of the road, attends a sloping wood, on the left is Aysgarth steeple, magically, as it were emerging from a copse, while the closing back ground of the view is an assemblage



Sparrow's Leap

Clysgarth Bridge

July 11. 1774.



Long ere the toiling sheets to view appear,
 They sound a prelude to the pausing ear.
 Now in rough accents by the pendent wood,
 Rolls in stern majesty the foaming flood;
 Revolting eddies now with raging sway,
 To Aysgarth's ample arch incline their way.

Playful

semblage of multifarious shrubs, ever-greens, projecting rocks, and a gloomy cave.

The water falling near half a mile upon a surface of stone, worn into infinite irriguous cavities, and inclosed by bold and shrubby cliffs, is every where changing its face, breaking forth into irregular beauties till it forms the grand descent called the Force.—The late learned traveller Dr. Pococke, whose search after the sublime and marvellous brought him to this part, was said to own, with exultation, that these cataracts exceeded those in Egypt, to which he was no stranger.

There is yet an object seldom seen but by those who narrowly seek amusement, and even little known in the neighbourhood. This demands our note (for our description it cannot have) upon a rivulet at Heaning, distant about two miles from these falls of the Eure.

This curious fall of water runs into a low steep gill, which is difficult of access, and when viewed from the bottom, the stream appears like a silver chain, whose highest link seems connected with the clouds, descending through a display of hovering branches and shading foliage, which, in proportion to the thick or thinner weaving of the boughs, now bursts, and then twinkles, in a manner most amazingly captivating. In a few words, the most copious language must fail in any attempt to describe its unutterable charms, when seen at a season to allow it a force of water.

Many scenes of entertainment of the like kind offer themselves, but of a much inferior class, on the Eure and its tributary streams, especially towards its source, such as those of Bowbridge, Hardrow Foss, Whitfield, and Mill Gills near Askrig, and Foss Gill in Bishopdale, which, however capitally pleasing they might prove in any other part, appear diminished when put in comparison with those already remarked.

The scenery of rock and hanging shrubs, which accompanies the cascade at Hardrow, is truly magnificent. In the memorable frost of 1739, the water formed a surprising column or iceicle, which attracted many persons from remote distances to see it, measuring in height 90 feet, and as much in circumference.

Playful and slow the curling circles move,
As when soft breezes fan the waving Grove;
'Till prone again, with Tumult's wildest roar,
Recoil the billows, reels the giddy shore;
Dash'd from its rocky bed, the winnow'd spray
Remounts the regions of the cloudy way,
While warring columns fiercer combats join,
And make the rich, rude, thund'ring scene divine.

Thus bellows EURE; so YOUNG's seraphic fire
Pourtrays the fury of BUSIRIS' ire:

"Where fall the sounding cataracts of NILE,
"The mountains tremble, and the waters boil,
"Like them I rush, like them my fury pour,
"And give the future world one wonder more."

Thus man, the harpy of his own content,
With blust'ring passions, phrensically bent,
Wild in the rapid vortex whirls the soul,
Till reason bursts, impatient of control.

But now the wavy conflict tends to peace,
And jarring elements their tumults cease,
Placid below, the stream obsequious flows,
And silent wonders how fell Discord grows.
So the calm mind reviews her tortur'd state,
Resuming reason for the cool debate.

So

36



M. Griffiths del.

P. Marshall sculp.

AYSARTH FORCE.

So lessons EURE *: a hapless exile, she,
 Proscrib'd her realm, unleagued with the sea;
 Not so the TIBER of imperial ROME,
 Not so the fam'd SCAMANDER's milder doom.

* The River Eure, Ure, or Yore, as it is differently named, arises from a mountain, called Cotter, the extremity of the north-west part of Yorkshire, which hill divides that country from Westmoreland. The river having passed near the market-towns of Askrig, Middleham, Masham, Ripon, and Boroughbridge, terminates at the distance of a few miles, and loses its name in the Ouse, there little better than a rill, near the village of Ousebourn, whose waters pass through York, and at length fall into the river Humber.

So pleasing a river as the Eure, being cancelled by the Ouse in its farther progress, that river which dignifies the scenes of Wensley-Dale and Hackfall, is a circumstance that provokes the poet's ire and exclamation. At what period this reform took place, we have not been able to determine; but there is a strong presumption that the river which now washes the walls of York, was anciently called *Eure* or *Yore*, whence the city seems to have received its name, the county being called in domesday-book *Eurevickscire*. Hence *Eure-wick*, *Yore-wick*, or the town upon the *Eure*.

It is not the purpose of these sheets to present a history of Wensley-Dale; but I must pay a transient respect to an edifice in the Valley, of great antiquity, called *Nappa*, being noticed by Leland and other succeeding historians, which, by the termination, favors a conjecture of its being of Roman origin. It belongs to William Weddell, Esq; and is situated under a crag, in all the gloomy privacy of monastic taste, having embrasures upon the top, which give it a military air, in the bow and arrow style, but must have been intended only for ornament, as the building wanted both strength and situation for defence, being small and liable to be commanded from an overlooking cliff, even by the impotent weapons of attack in the days of its erection. However, there is character and plantation enough about the house, always to command the stranger's eye, and lead the traveller to enquire after some account of the place.

This was the seat of the Metcalfs, a very ancient family, of which Camden makes honourable mention. The last heir of this family was Thomas Metcalf, Esq; barrister, a most excellent magistrate, a man of amiable qualities, and an ornament to his country.

He lived at *Nappa*, preferring rural tranquility to the war of words and the bustling scenes of life, dying a bachelor, 1756, in the 71st year of his age.

Fly, Folly, fly, whose inauspicious frown
In evil hour seduc'd my EURE's renown.
The ADRIATIC faithful clasps her Po,
The THAMES and SHANNON's streams securely flow;
Why then, O EURE, thy natal rights retain?
Why are thy waves forbid to join the main?
Presumption strange! shall drawling OUSE rebel,
That winds her sedgey course from turbid cell?
Shall she usurp the empire of thy flood,
And mix with thine, contaminated blood?
Forbid it Fates, forbid it all ye train,
That guide the streams or rule the briny main.
As well might FRANCE dispute our naval fame,
Or hawks associate with the trembling game;
Sooner MARIA's radiance cease to please,
Poets grow rich, or Pain accord with Ease;
Impartial Justice deal alike their fate,
Who sap a country, or who save a state;
Sooner shall social CROWE contract his heart,
Or cease a day good humor to impart;
As soon just DANBY shall relinquish sense,
Or polish'd DARLINGTON create offence;
To forfeit truth a CAMDEN meanly deign,
Or science languish in a GEORGE's reign;
Sooner shall Virtue prove an empty name;
Than we the honors of the EURE disclaim.

Come then, pure stream, the purest of the throng,
Come, and adorn my tributary song.

Prepare,

Prepare, ye nymphs, prepare the tepid wave,
And let CLEORA there securely lave.
Be still thou North, be hush'd thou peevish East,
CLEORA bathes, CLEORA forms the feast.
Let no rude breezes on thy bosom dance,
Nor undulations break the smooth expanse.
Ye masking willows of the close recess,
Be Virtue's guard, and lend the veiling drefs.
Now looking round she quits her loose attire,
The scaly tribes with one accord admire,
The conscious stream dividing to embrace,
Clasps the coy panting prize in all her grace.
Transparent cover'd how enchanting shine,
The lovely-model'd limbs of shape divine!

As DAMON sleeping 'midst the foliage lay,
Lull'd by the warblers of each hov'ring spray,
His dreams, the heralds of his future hour,
Had rang'd extatic thro' each Cyprian bow'r.
DAMON, the blithest lad of rural youth,
The spotless transcript of untainted truth,
Saw quick approaching from the radiant morn,
In azure vest on downy æther borne,
A matchless form; her passion-darting eye,
Eclips'd the brightness of Italia's sky,
The loves attractive shone in blushes meek,
And health high circling mantled in her cheek,

Her

Her every step, her attitude and air,
Ineffable, confess'd the heavenly fair;
Near and more near the beauteous form advanc'd,
Stole on his soul in Pleasure's zenith tranc'd,
Till by the genius of the shade appriz'd,
He woke, and found the vision realiz'd.

The fair retires, unconscious of the view,
Nor aught she wish'd, nor aught of love she knew.
Each pore pervaded, soon a beech he sought,
And on its yielding bark essay'd his thought.

' Go, penfive lines, address the lovely maid,
' That yonder on the flow'ry turf is laid,
' Go tell—but, Language, 'tis beyond thy art,
' To speak the poignant feelings of my heart.
' Go tell—ah! Goddess, deign my mind to guess,
' Nor farther urge, in pity, my distress;
' Come Love, thou parent soft of hope and fear,
' Thou meek beguiler of the circling year,
' That gild'st the desert, animat'st the pole,
' And spread'st thy potent empire o'er the whole;
' Come, aid the vent'rous swain success to try,
' Entreat one warbling boon of Melody.'

As turns the bark each shifting breeze to save,
So ply'd the youth, and these instructions gave.

' Haste,

‘ Haste, envied thrush, that charm’st the ear,
‘ Where woodbines fragrant twine,
‘ High perch with music’s melting air,
‘ And votive hail yon shrine.

‘ Convey each thought my throbbing breast
‘ Despairingly sustains,
‘ Bid sweet CLEORA give me rest,
‘ And kindly ease my chains.

‘ Compassion to the fair belongs,
‘ Thy wooing art employ,
‘ Impress her with prevailing songs,
‘ Or farewell ev’ry joy.

‘ The pilgrim thus, worn down with woe,
‘ Implores some sacred maid,
‘ That she wou’d graciously bestow,
‘ Her mediating aid.

‘ The pray’r is heard, life springs a-new,
‘ And hope elates his soul,
‘ The toil now less’ning to the view,
‘ He gains the distant goal.

Who can describe? speak, ye compeers in love,
Ye lone frequenters of the nodding grove ;

M

Paint,

Paint, if ye can, how soft persuasion hung
On the sweet accents of the minstrel's tongue.
As stands the sailor when in awful hour,
The winds tempestuous o'er the ocean pour;
In such suspense remain'd the timid swain,
While mute he listen'd to the suppliant strain.
Inspir'd at length, himself the fair address'd;
The yielding fair approv'd the soft request.

Should these mild scenes but haply prompt desire,
Or gently stir my STREPHON's native fire;
O! let Him come, and PAN's calm moments share,
With faithful friendship's superadded care;
Wisely with taste each jocund day prolong,
In mental banquet, ever willing song;
Here woo fair peace, here quit all ardent strife,
Deaf to each syren vanity of life;
Happy to catch amusement, and explore,
The wond'rous secrets of great Nature's store;
Make this the point where mutual wishes meet,
And calmly rest at length our weary feet.

Anchor'd at WENSLEY, I no phantoms court,
My pastime authors, and my business sport.
Not that my fancy starts no chearful change,
For to the friendly dome I love to range,
With heart at ease of local pleasures share,
Mix in the group, or saunter with the fair.

And'

And shou'd some rankling arrow darkly glance,
 Shot by the fool, by envy, or by chance,
 As ATLAS firm, unvarying to the end,
 Do Thou my soul on Rectitude depend.
 So shall the pointed steel innoxious fall,
 And virtue rise triumphant over all.

But shall my VALE alone engage the bard,
 Nor EBOR's sons, nor ALBION's praise be heard?
 Rise, Fancy, rise, O! nurse the darling theme!
 While Truth illumines it with her native beam.
 And THOU, my land, a point amidst the whole,
 "Thou little body with a mighty soul,"
 All hail, BRITANNIA, paragon of isles!
 Where learning triumphs, sacred freedom smiles;
 Where persecution ceases to alarm,
 Where but the guilty feel thy potent arm.
 By Ocean zon'd, thou can'st the world defy,
 While arts commercial all thy wants supply.

Seek we for honor at a source that's clear,
 In thy fam'd state, behold, there bright appear
 A SAVILE firm in each important trust,
 And princely LASCELLES, resolutely just.
 Nor time abates their warmth of patriot-strife,
 In senates found, unstain'd in private life.
 Go, son, each parent says, and catch their zeal,
 Like them unceasing serve the public weal;

Like

Like them, indignant spurn each low desire,
By their example form thy future fire.
Too great the soaring task!—then snatch one ray,
To light thy steps through life's less cultur'd way.

Shou'd aught of eloquence thy bosom warm,
Or Roman diction in the FORUM charm,
Hear then a WEDDERBURNE the law expound,
And mark the list'ning audience rang'd around.
Mark too his calm address, his sense refin'd,
The graceful climax and expanded mind;
The lucid period with conviction fraught,
And language stagger from the force of thought.
Possessed of him, why need we TULLY name?
Since WEDDERBURNE and TULLY are the same.
A source himself, where ATHENS, LATIUM, shine,
And all the charms of elegance combine.

If soft persuasion, unaffected grace,
With love extended o'er the human race;
If learning, truth, or glowing zeal invite,
See them in candid ELY all unite.
See them add lustre to the sacred lawn,
Smile on the needy, on the friendless, dawn.
When merit pines, alert each want to scan,
Steps forth the prelate, patron, and the man.

Yes,

Yes, DELIA, yes, domestic worth is thine,
For thee the Virtues shall the chaplet twine,
On thee the honors of the Muse await,
Superior pattern in the nuptial state.
Now thrice twelve years, unknowing what was strife,
Jointly we've trod the social path of life.
Progressive seen the human tendrils shoot,
Play round the stem and ripen into fruit.
With rapture ey'd the smiling graces grow,
And taught the lisping accents how to flow;
While of their sportive triumphs we partook,
And trac'd prophetic semblance in each look.
Hail happy times! nor shall reflection cease,
Wisely to live past days of love and peace
When sweetly roving first on reason's chart,
We mark'd each tender feeling of the heart.

Safe in the haven of consoling rest,
We sip from ev'ry hour nectareous zest;
Pluck from the graceful rose its irksome thorn,
And make our evening chearful as the morn.
O grant! benignly grant! ye Powers divine!
The solid blessing long to call thee, mine.
And when that day, that awful day shall come,
When PÆON-skill no longer waves our doom;
On some kind stone, perchance, the sculptor's art,
May to the reader, these faint words impart:

N

Then

Then may our names, as now our hearts, entwine,
Be thus remember'd in one common line :

“ Here rest the relicks of a nymph and swain,

“ Who equal shar'd life's pleasure and its pain.”

Beneath yon roof, with mantling ivy spread,
By Peace, by Virtue, and Contentment led,
There dwells a man, within whose gentle breast
Life's scatter'd blessings permanently rest.
Nor fast he thinks Time's fleeting moments flow,
Nor moves the sliding sand one grain too slow.
A partner kind each duteous look displays,
While prattling cherubs cheer his rolling days.
The scythe's full swath, the sickle's grasp secur'd,
And with each comfort of the year immur'd;
His dog at ease, the cat demurely wise,
His flocks robust, and absent all disguise,
At eve returning from the pregnant field,
Blest in whate'er domestic pleasures yield :
The faggot brought, produc'd the wholesome fare,
He gives to Winter's blasts devouring Care.
As humor prompts him, and his gains prevail,
Eager each ear to catch the coming tale,
He tells in wonted strain the day's exploit,
And thus with rustic glee contracts the night.
The social ev'ning past, he rests his head,
Where friendly slumbers shade his humble bed..

What

What tho' no pomp salutes his opening eyes,
 Yet toil, sweet toil, the soothing down supplies;
 Early he breathes the salutary hour,
 Now carols loud, now weaves the shelt'ring bow'r;
 Approves his lot however lowly cast,
 And grateful shares of nature's plain repast;
 Nor stoops to know how kings their sceptres wield,
 A cot his palace, innocence his shield.
 If bleak the wind, or the world dreary lies,
 His earnest labor mocks the chilling skies,
 While timely cares repel invading snows,
 And the firm heart with double ardor glows.
 His simple food, the pledge of rosy health,
 Secures his joy, supplies the want of wealth.
 Thus circumscrib'd, he nothing more pursues,
 Nor asks one other good to close his views,
 Till Time the vital fluid slowly stops,
 And mellow, like autumnal fruit, he drops.

Perish the meannefs of exulting pride,
 That idly wou'd such bounded aims deride.
 Let Folly shout, let Vanity assume,
 Her pert grimace, her ever-nodding plume;
 Let Dissipation and her giddy train,
 The gaudy meteors of a sickly brain,
 On wings of ICARUS disporting fly,
 Till, victims in the gay pursuit, they die.

He

He then whose heart such scenes as these can move,
Still may he lead the peaceful life I love;
Still, undisturb'd, the grateful state enjoy,
Where changeful ease and business never cloy;
A fertile farm, a household debonair,
From debt exempt, nor plagu'd with fordid care;
The bearded field, the udder-swelling plain,
Some fleecy bleaters, and a fit domain
For winter's forage; if the glebe be cold,
Manure to warm it from the teeming fold;
While by such care with glowing heart he spies,
A new creation from his labors rise:
Brown ale, to gain kind HODGE's scraping thanks;
For friends, the ruddy stream from DOURO's banks;
A few good steeds to work, or ride for air,
Or sometimes gently draw the tender fair:
The cordial visit, and the dry-wood flame,
Associates lively, and the courteous dame,
To rear the honors of connubial love,
While softness joins each lesson to improve.
These, these are mine, nor want my wishes still
Stores in reserve, the subjects of my will.
Around my barn the pamper'd pullets fly,
And crowded streams the finny race supply;
Contiguous meads the titled loin afford,
And willing servants tend my vail-less board.
Shou'd the laps'd hour an instant dish demand,
Or casual guest quick urge the practis'd hand,

Suspended

THE WINDY KID

He then whole heartedly turned to his work
and may be said to have been the first
to introduce the idea of the windmill
to the people of the country.
A little later a large windmill was
built at the same place and the
people of the country were
able to grind their corn
at a much cheaper rate than
before. The windmill was
built by the same man who
built the first windmill.
The windmill was built
at the same place and the
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built the first windmill.





Jarvis Abbey

Suspended high, the ready fitch descends,
And the warm egg, luxurious feast! attends.
POMONA's gifts in fair succession flow,
Freely my bees the luscious balm bestow,
While FLORA gayly smiling tempts my lay,
And friendly converse crowns the festive day.
In home-raised pleasures thus, devoid of strife,
Softly in social ease, glides rural life.

But still, if gratitude no tribute brings,
Nor piety to heaven its rapture wings;
If truth's strong cement should e'er cease to bind,
Nor wisdom's precepts occupy the mind;
Still if within, no yielding state of soul
Receives the soft impression of the whole,
Earth's richest produce unadmir'd will rise,
Unheard the lark will warbling mount the skies;
In vain the soothing murmurs of the rills,
In vain the lowings echoed from the hills;
The muse will fruitless sound the pleasing strain,
And ev'ry hope of solid joy prove vain.

IN our survey of this district of amusement and curiosity, we cannot omit some remarks necessary to illustrate and conclude the whole, especially as the Dale contains many subjects of eminence which have occasionally exercised the pen and pencil of the ingenious. In that capital work, the British Antiquities, by Mr. Grose, are exhibited two views of Middleham Castle, a view of the ruins of Jarvis or Joreval Abbey, two of Bolton Castle, one view of Wensley Church and Bridge, and one of the Bridge at Aysgarth, with ample descriptions. This judicious author and antiquary has also
O given

given us two plates of the remains of *Coverham* Abbey in the adjoining Valley of the same name.—We are likewise favoured with a descriptive sketch of the country, and a plate of Aysgarth Force, by Mr. Pennant in his tour to Scotland, in his usual lively manner.

An engraving of Bolton House, is to be seen in the Repertory published by Godfrey, Long-Acre, 1775, and a fine perspective view of the house and environs, from a drawing of that accurate master, P. Sandby, engraved by M. A. Rooker, published in the Copper Plate Mag. 1775, and sold by Kearsly, Fleet Street.

The south east part of Middleham Castle, with the farm house at Nappa, that decorates the frontispiece of this work, but the latter not published in any other way, were drawn and engraved by J. Bailey, a promising and almost self-taught artist, in the county of Durham.

Some paintings by Mr. P. Sandby, and the late Mr. Dall (scene painter and machinist to Covent Garden Theatre), of the river scene at the Force, and of Bolton Castle, some of which have appeared at the exhibitions, are in private possession. Aysgarth Force is also represented on an internal wall at Harewood House by Dall, whose widow in Newport Street has the pictures previously alluded to, for sale. Notice has been already taken of the ivy-clad battlement of Aysgarth Bridge, which is likewise represented in Mr. Grose's plate; but it will be looked for now in vain, as in some late repairs by a cruel and tasteless operator, the bridge has been divested of that ivy, with which, immemorably it was so happily decorated.

Having already signified that Jenkins was a native of this Riding, we cannot pass unobserved, a person, who, though no competitor with him in respect to longevity, yet on another singular account deserves to be recognised. A Mr. P. H. who lived in a state of matrimony for 60 years at Bolton House, and whose life was no ways distinguished by any uniformity, particular good health or variety, lately died in his 87th year, without having lost but a single tooth a few months before his exit, with a face ruddy and almost destitute of wrinkles, a strong eye, steady hand, and *without having acquired a grey hair*. He had lived in the days of six Dukes of Bolton, in whose service as a principal agent, he had been mostly employed. His wife died upwards of ninety, and his two immediate predecessors in office, nearly at the same age, under one roof; no small presumption of the salubrity of the air in which they lived. They were all accustomed to early rising, a circumstance, which as far as our observation extends, has generally waited upon remarkable old age, and been its inherent character, however, the votaries might have otherwise varied in rule, regimen, country, or situation.

The age of Johannes de Temporibus, or John of the times, as he was called, a German, who lived to see so many Emperors, and is quoted by Lord Bacon and Verstegan, cannot be looked upon in any other light than that of fabulous exaggeration, and seems to deserve no other credit than the famous Countess, with her numerous issue, of whom Derham and others speak. Indeed, Jenkins, aged 169, bids fairest for the palm of longevity, of any

any persons we can collect from comparatively recent and authentic records. Even ancient Rome, in the zenith of its populousness, when on a census taken, it was said to contain above one million and a half of people, produced but two that had arrived to the lengthened years of 150, even at a time when intemperance and disease could not be supposed so diversified, or prevalent, as in modern days.

But we refer those who seek after instances of longevity, to *Hermippus Redivivus*, ascribed to the late Dr. Campbell, where the reader will find a plentiful harvest of such particulars.—The site of the village where Jenkins was born, trained and died, is low, clayey, and subject to inundations from the river Swale. His cottage is erased, but the spot was shewn me by the late Colonel Crowe, then owner of the manor and premises. The want of a British topography has been for some time regretted by the inquisitive; for what casually floats upon tradition, or is given us by the historian of the village, is daily losing ground; and our periodical pieces are not sufficiently durable registers of local facts and things which lie so widely scattered. It must therefore give pleasure to the literary class, to find that a gentleman of abilities has undertaken so arduous, useful, and entertaining a work, as that of the British topography, and which we hope will be continued for the emolument of the public.

Ribald or Robert, Lord of Middleham, was a younger brother of Alan Rufus, or the red, Earl of Richmond, and the first Lord of Middleham after the conquest of England, and to whom the said Alan (who died without issue A. D. 1089) gave the manor and honor of Middleham with the appurtenances, and many other lands, which before the conquest belonged to Chilpatrick, a Dane, in the time of the Confessor. Robert, the son of Ralph, and grandson of Ribald, built the castle of Middleham, to whom Conan Earl of Brittany, or Bretagne, gave Wensleydale, or Wenslydale, Wendesleydale, Wendeslaydale and Wensleydale, with common of pasture. The descendants of Ribald enjoyed a fair fortune here, till issue male failed in Ralph the second, the third son of Robert who built the castle, and died 54 Hen. III. 1270. It is said his estates were divided between his three daughters, of whom Mary, the eldest, who was then married to Robert Neville, son of the Lord of Raby in the county of Durham, had this honor and castle for her share. Afterwards the castle being in the hands of King Hen. VI. by the forfeiture of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury; and Sir John Neville, uncle to Ralph Earl of Westmoreland, who died without issue, being found heir to his honor and estate, and adhering to that King in his disputes with the house of York, was made constable of it for life. Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, on the 26th of July, 1469, after the battle of Edgecote Field, otherwise called Banbury Field, which was fought in a plain called Danes Moor, near to the town of Edgecote and three miles from Banbury, having taken King Edward IV. in his camp at Ulney, a village beside Northampton, by the Archbishop of York, brother to Warwick, the King was brought prisoner to Warwick Castle, and thence to
York;

York; he was also prisoner at Middleham, whence he escaped (as it is said, from a hunting party) and came to London. But it has been discovered from the *Fœdera*, that Edw. IV. while said universally to be prisoner to Abp. Neville, was at full liberty and doing acts of regal power.

By the death of the Earl of Warwick at the battle of Barnet, all his lands became forfeited, as were also those of John de Neville, Marquis of Montague, his brother: among which last was this lordship, which by act of parliament in Edw. IV. was settled, with other their estates, upon Richard Duke of York, that King's brother, to hold to him and the heirs of his body lawfully begotten.

The town of Middleham is situated on a gentle rising ground, about a short half mile on the south side of the river Eure, in the Wapentake of Hangwest, in that part of the North Riding of Yorkshire called Richmondshire, in the deanery of Caterick, and in Domesday is called Medelai.

The castle stands on the south side of the town, and was formerly moated round by the help of a spring conveyed in pipes from the higher grounds, although on the north and west sides no traces of a ditch appear; but an old wall subsisted within memory that had been erected as a safeguard from the moat, on the side next the town, for prevention of accidents. Leland says, it was in his time (about 230 years ago) the fairest castle in Richmondshire, except Bolton: but in this remark, that author could only mean in respect to the wear and preservation of Bolton, since in point of magnitude, the former had eminently the advantage. It does not occur to my reading, that Middleham castle was ever besieged by the parliament forces, though common report of the place allows it. In the remains, we trace more the ruin of decay and demolition for the purposes of sale and use, than military destruction.

The place was much favoured by Edw. IV. and his brother, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard the third, whose only son Edward was born in this castle A. D. 1473. About a quarter of a mile south of the castle is an artificial mount of a considerable height, designed for a place of strength, and the highest fortification or keep thereof is made in form of a horse fetter, which was the device of the family of York, like that of Fotheringhay in Northamptonshire, and between this mount and the castle is a remarkable loud and distinct echo.

Middleham being grown into the favour of the house of York, Richard, then Duke of Gloucester, intended to found a college at this place, which was to consist of a dean, six chaplains, and four clerks, also six choristers and one other clerk. For this purpose he obtained from his brother Edw. IV. a licence, bearing date 21 Feb. 17 Edw. IV. Tho. Rotheram, Abp. of York, in the second year of his translation, and 24 March 1481, exempts the dean, the church and inhabitants, from all archiepiscopal jurisdiction. In 1482, John Sherwin, Archdeacon of Richmond, exempts the church of Middleham from all archidiaconal, episcopal, ordinary, and other ecclesiastical jurisdiction whatever, reserving five shillings sterling out of the profits

profits of the church of M. 12 April 1482, Robt. Bothe, dean and chapter of York, confirm the exemption made by the Archbishop, and in April 1483, they confirm the exemption made by the Archdeacon of Richmond.

Notwithstanding these steps taken for the privileges of the intended college, yet before any buildings were erected, or provisions made for support of the chaplains or choir, Richard left the work imperfect, being prevented by the troubles in which he was involved, or by death; but there is a field which still retains the name of College Close, near to the river Eure, in which probably the pile was to have been erected.

However, the incumbent retained the name of dean, who being exempt from the ordinary jurisdiction of his diocesan, as a royal peculiar, exercised diverse privileges and ecclesiastical jurisdiction within the bounds of his parish, as marrying people living in it, or in any other parish, without a licence or publication of banns. Although in the year 1736, and in the year 1739, a warm prosecution was carried on against Luke Cotes, then dean of Middleham, for marrying a couple without publication of banns or a licence first had, grounded on the statute of the 10th of Ann, ch. 19, s. 176, for the penalty of 100l. given by that statute. But upon producing the before-mentioned charters and other proofs, the defendant Cotes in both actions had a verdict, and the dean of Middleham, for the time being, afterwards enjoyed the same privilege, till finally abrogated by the marriage act, 26 Geo. II. The freeholders never answered to any court but to the dean's. Probate of wills is said to have been granted by the deans, who never married with licences, nor granted any.

The following was taken from the parish church at Middleham.

Sir Henrie Linley, that worthie knight of Middleham Castle, buried 8th of November, 1609.

Ladie Feronoma Linley, buried 1st of August, 1610.

Sir Edward Loftus, and Mrs. Jane Linley, married 28th February 1639.

Arthur, son of the Right Hon. Lord Loftus, baptized 18th of June, 1644.

The handsome parish churches of Wensley and Aysgarth near the river, with those of Spenithorn and Middleham, all in rising situations, contribute much to give the vale a highly picturesque air. The church at Wensley, about the center of the Vale, contains the sumptuous and ancient pew of the Scropes, brought from St. Agatha near Richmond, at the dissolution of that Abbey.

As the inscriptions have long been giving way to time and accident, to preserve their remains the following extracts were made from a folio manuscript in the Herald's Office, compiled by Sir William Dugdale, a copy of which is in the British Museum.

Wencelagh 18 Octobr. 1622

Sculptum super quendam ligneam Clausuram a Cænobio Stæ. Agathæ juxta Richmond quondam dissoluto, delatam.

P

“ Here

"Here lyeth Henry Scrope, Knight, the 7th of that Nayme, and Mabel his Wyffe, Daughter to the Lord Dakers, de Grays: Here lyeth Henry Scrope, Knight, the third of that Name, and the Right Lord Scrope of Bolton, and Elizabeth his Wife, Daughter of ——— ———"

Super Lapidem marmoreum.

"Hoc teguntur humo Henricus Scrop, Ricardusq; Domini Henrici De Bolton et Mabellæ Uxoris suæ minores Natu liberi: Quorum alter xxv. die decessit martii, alter xxviii. July, anno Domini M.D.XXV."

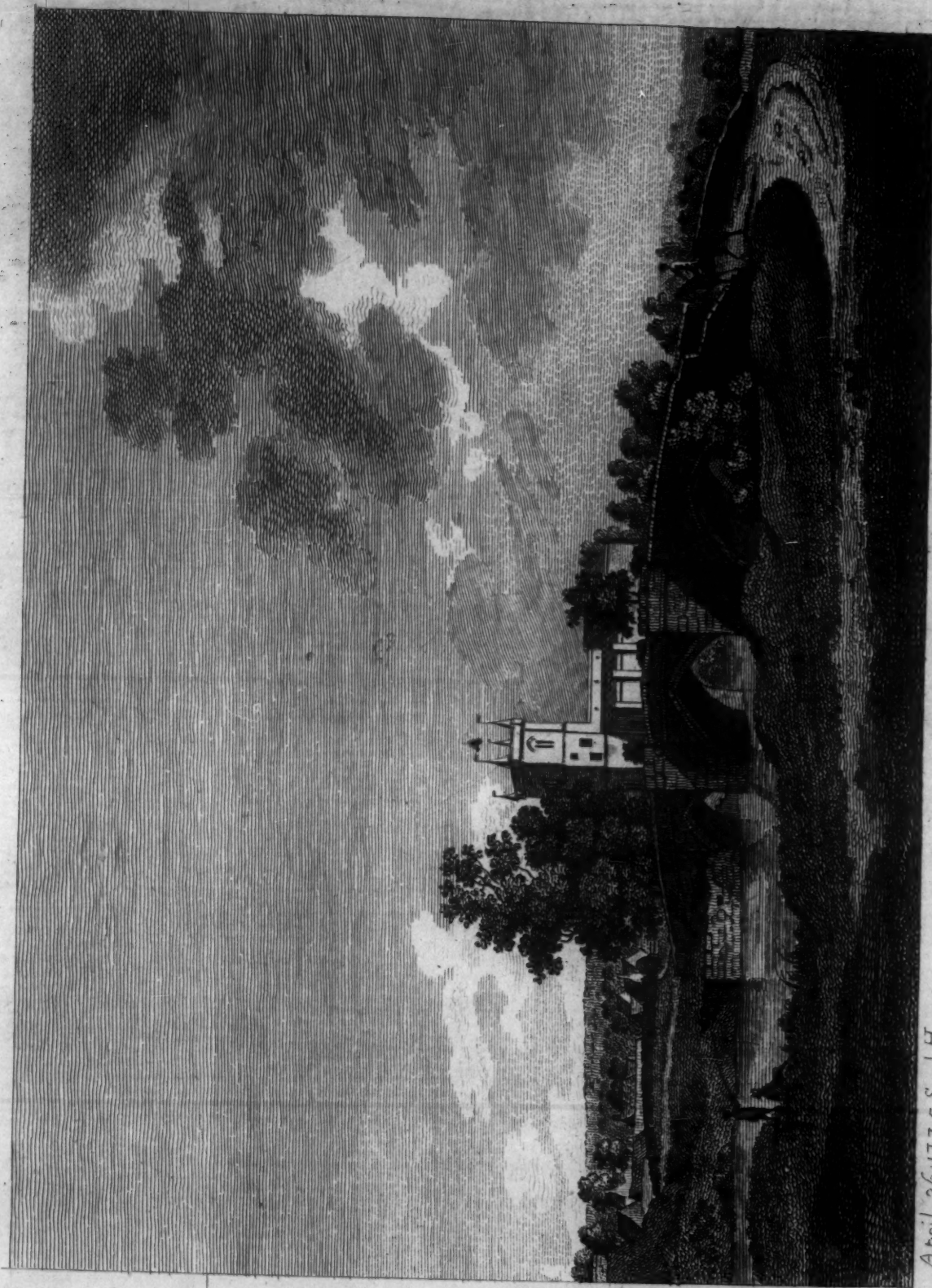
In a burial vault made by the Marquis of Winchester who is already cited, lies alone, his Marchioness, the family having never resided at the mansion, since the reign of James the second, but in a transient way.

Before the memorialist quits his theme and the village, may he be permitted to pay his conclusive homage and say, with that tender friend who has so long ripened by his side,

O! let us here, our peaceful vespers keep,
And lastly in this hallow'd bosom sleep.

E N D.

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April 26: 1775 Som. Hooper.

Wensley Church and Bridge

Sparrow sc.



